will have it placed before him in plain language that there will be no disputing. He knows at this moment that he would go

through death itself to learn it.
"Tell me!" says he; and now his tone is

altogether changed—it is stern still, but passionately imploring. "Tell me, I en-treat you, the truth of all this."

"Don't ask me that," says she. She shrinks from him, but he holds her firmly, with a firmness of the strength of which he

is perhaps hardly aware. She is trembling

"I must," says he. "I cannot live unless I know it. Answer me, I beseech you."

"It is my own secret," says she piti-

"Ab! it has gone beyond that," says he.
"I have kept it all this time; will you

"Then I shall know-what I now sus-

"The worst. And even if the worst lies

Something in his eyes warns her that now

she must berray her secret or lose his esteen

for ever. The choice rests with herself,

The blood mounts to her brow; she under-

stands in a vague sort of way that every-

thing must be made clear to him, though

"You must go on, until I get an answer

Verner-what is he to you?'

says he remorselessly. "If you

w compel me to reveal it?"

'Suspect! you suspect?'

pefore me, still I would hear it.

in every limb.

fully.

"Yes,

refuse to tell me-

little miserable laugh breaks from her,
"you can compare dates, if—if—"
"I want no dates," says he.
"Other people will, however, if—I should appear again; but I shall not. You

"Both Lord Wyvis and I disappeared from town almost at the same time. That fact gave him-my-Sir Gaston-a

told you before, there is only my word-

"Not believe? I believe in you with all

my soul," says Drayton, who is very pale.
"Are you sure?" cries she. "When did
you begin to helieve? You did not believe

in me just now. But in this case you must

believe. I can find out the exact day Lord Wyvis left England, and I am sure I came

down here a day or two before that. I can verify every word. I—"
"Don't," says he, as if hurt. "Do you think I want verification? Are you bent

on punishing me? Have I not been punished enough already? Have I one good

thing on earth to look forward to?"
"You have no doubt, then?" She smiles

as if in a measure satisfied, but her smile is heartbroken; she looks white and ex-

"Not one," says he. "I would to heaven

Yes. This is the end of it, he tells him-

self. He would now, so strange is human nature, have gladly grasped the doubt that would once more have made her free to

give herself to him. But that is all over!
Thou shalt fear
Waking, and sleeping mourn upon thy bed:
Truly there seems no comfort anywhere.
"Well—there is no more to say." Bis

voice is very low, and fraught with dull

"No. No more. There is no more at all." She lifts dejected eves and looks

all." She lifts dejected eyes and looks around the pleasant little room where she

had refuge found, and sighs. "I shall

"I have another, a better plan," says he.

"Why should you leave? Why should you

abandon the spot that has so far sheltered

ant to you. No, you shall stay here, and I shall go away."

"Oh, no, no, no,"
"I pray you not to deny me in this mat-

ter," entreats he, earnestly. "I," looking at her, "shall like to think of your being here, when I am—" He pauses.

hands that tremble so miserably. "It is not true," cries she. "There is no pleasure

her sleader fingers, but not one sob escapes

her. The near approach of death renders all men silent, and is not this like death?

"Pleasure-no," says he. "But I would have you take comfort. There are other

not forsake them, though-" She flushes deeply and makes a deprecatory gesture.

"Oh, no, I did not mean that," says she.
"I know it." He is answering that un-

her, it is not for her good, and to his own

undoing? "As for my guests, I can arrange

I-" he hesitates, and lavs one hand against

his forehead. "This is the end?" says he

She lays a little white hand with a nervous clutch upon her bosom. "The end!"

"Yes. It is our last moment together.

He has grown deadly white, but his tone is

"Never?" She looks at him and sud-denly breaks into a most pittable little laugh. "Oh, no," says she, "you forget, you forget. There will be to-morrow."

"There will be no to-morrow for us; we

"Not once again? Not in the morning?"

A look of terror is growing in her wide

"You don't know what you are saying,"

says she. "Do you mean that you are going away now-now, forever! Oh, no, you cannot mean that; you," with an at-

tempt at a confident smile, "you are only trying to frighten me! To-morrow-to-

morrow I shall see you again-" here, gazing at him all the time, she sees some-

hing in the anguish of his eyes that bids

her despair: "to-morrow, for the last time

she breathes faintly, desperately. She is

soul! my beloved! Have pity on me, and

"Ah! how can you talk of pity?" says e. "What pity is there in you?" Her

"Yes; I shall go." If ever she had

voice gives way, "You will go?" asks she,

doubted his love for her, it is not now. His voice, his haggard face betray him. "I

shall go," repeats he mechanically. "We part here-for ever."

His only answer is a long, long look into

her tear-dimmed eyes-those eyes to be so

"Ab! you do not know," cries she.
"When you go, what shall be left me

knowledge that you trusted me, and that I

did not betray that trust!"
"Is that all?" asks she, "Oh! how poor a thing is knowledge! Where is the conso-

"you will, then, go?"
"Rhoda!" He grows suddenly very

white. "Ask me to stay and I will stay!"

And then, womanlike, her object at-

tained, she shrinks from the consequences

than any tears, "I shall not ask you to stay. Go, go! Yes; I see it. You must

"Well, go!" says she. But even as she gives the fatal command her hands close

upon his sleeve. "A minute!" says she,

"Oh, no," says she, with a smile sadder

"For your sake," says he, unsteadily.

"Memory," says he, sadly, "and the

"Do you know what that means?"

"Are you mad?" says he, hoarsely. "Why

part now-here; I shall not see you again.

"We part now, Rhoda. Now! We

"The end!" His tone has startled her.

suddenly.

gray eyes.

now elinging to him,

in a dving tone.

soon only a recollection.

"For yours alone!"

affrightedly.

shall never meet again.

"There are your guests-you can-

I did not think of them, indeed

he is forsaking

beneeforth, for you or for me.'

"Where?" She draws nearer to him,

yon-that I like to think has grown pleas-

mine only.

lieve.

hausted.

I had!"

despair.

leave this to-morrow.

There is a long pause.

He Can Never Forget. HE PLAYED THE LITTLE ANGEL

have refused to send Sir Guston away, and if he should chance to see me- Well," with a long, heavy sigh, "even if he should, I shall not go back to the old lite. I shall not appear again with him." While a Fig, I ubberly Liar Got All the i resents in light.

"Verner shall go," says he.
"Ah!" She smiles a little; but it is a most joyless smile, "Well-let me finish," says she, with a CHURCH RIVALRY IN GOOSE FALLS

About a dozen distinguished people, inchance of destroving my good nam. He did not lose that chance. He made the most of it. This is all," says she. "This," her eyes beginning to burn feverishly, her cluding myself, were invited by a publisher to write the stories of our most memorable Christmas days for use on the present festal lips trembling, "this is the truth. As I occasion. I accepted the invitation and at once began work on a story left over from "It is enough," says he.
"It is true—it is true—it is true!" cries she, suddenly—and then she bursts out crylast Fourth of July. I took out the firecrackers and substituted snowballs, and was engaged in changing the character of ing. "You say that," she sobs, "but you will be like all the rest-you will not be-George Washington into that of Santa Claus when I received this note:

Never mind your Christmas story. Have decided to have them all strictly truthful Can you suggest a man who can tell the truth, to take your place in the symposium? Will you hunt around for a day or two, and find a man? We can afford to pay him \$10 more than we offered you, if he amounts to anything, and won't take less. Sorry that there's nothing in it for you, but another time, etc., etc.

This came by messenger, 55 cents, collect; and I knew by that and by the handwriting, and by the modest, kind and charitable nature of the sentiment, that It must be from the publisher. I do not think that even the loss of the 55 cents-which I paid in the belief that the note contained a check -hurt me worse than the assault upon my veracity. It was very unjust; and, to prove that it was, I sat down and wrote the following yarn which bears the stamp of truth upon its face.

The Riches of Lite.

The events which I shall describe were driven into my memory particularly hard because they were of the sort that children are supposed to forget immediately. In the days of which I write the care of me, as in usual with orphans, had devolved upon that one of my relations who was least able to bear it. My Aunt Martha had seven chil-dren of her own to provide for, and the eighth was a child of calamity, the writer of these lines. I didn't mind poverty much in those days. Most of the things I wanted were free. The essentials of life, as they appear to a healthy boy, are thin ice and frozen snowballs in the winter, a pond with deep holes in it as a place to acquire the art of

swimming in the summer and another boy to fight with all the year around. I had these simple necessaries, and seldom craved the luxuries of life. True, at Christmas time I would have been glad to get more presents, but as some of my more fortuna'e ompanions were much smaller and weaker than myself I was able to use their toys almost as much as they could.

But I grieved along with the other chil dren, when, in bleak November, it began to be whispered about that there would be

gazing at him with pallid lips.
"I shall go back to my old work," says he with a rather forlorn smile. "You know how dear the delights of travel are to me. I shall get up an exploring party. I shall find great pleasure in it, I—"
"Oh!" She checks him by a gesture, and no Christmas trees in Goose Falls. The then covers her face with her hands. Poor hands that tremble so miserably. "It is approached there was a general feeling of uneasiness lest somebody should break the boycott, tor, of course, if any church had a tree all would be forced to do it. There were rumors of tree plots immediately after And, so saying, the tears of her eyes
Fell without noise.
They drop silently one by one through Thanksgiving, and every society suspected the others of secret preparations with the design of capturing for its Sunday school those children whose love of religious instruction could be awakened only by the hope of spoils. However, nothing definite was done, and the young Goose Fallers viewed the cheerless prospect with dismay. have you take comfort. There are other things besides pleasure. Rhoda, will you add to my bitterness? Do you think your tears are nothing to me? For the short time we still have together before I go—"
"A short time!" Her hand drops, she looks at him fearfully. "You cannot go,"

A Genius for the Emergency. At this point Providence raised up for us At this point Providence raised up for us a prophet in the form of William Jennings. He was 14 years old, as big as the side of a house and as awkward as a young calf. When he sat down he looked as if he had been poured from some gigantic receptacle over all the neighboring furniture. This peculiarity had earned him the name of He was a boy to be envied a Christmas time, for he held more candy than any ten of the others. But he was the only one of us who showed no sorrow at the prospect of Christmas without trees, and we souldn't understand it. Urged to explain his calmness in misfortune, he uttered, on the 15th of December, these memorable



Something Nies for Howly. words: "Fellers, there'll be more Christmss trees in Goose Falls this year than ever you see before. You leave it to me."

We left it to him because we couldn't do otherwise; and he showed himself not un-worthy of our confidence. His plan was very simple. He went to Aunt Sally Clarke, who was, perhaps, the most influential person in the Unitarian Church.
"Aunt Sally," said he, "I saw Deacon Hudaut tlown at the Head to-day." Deacon Hudnut was Orthodox, and the

Head was a point heavily wooded with spruce trees—with Christmas trees, in fact. "Did you, Willie?" said Aunt Sally. "What was he doing there?" Sloppy Worked It Smoothly.

"Dunno," replied Sloppy. "He had an ax, an' he chopped down a tree about the size o' the one they had at their church last Christmas. But he leit it layin' there. I guess he only chopped it down for fun."
"Fun!" exclaimed Aunt Sally. "Well,

you are a stupid boy. Those Orthodox are lation in it? You," looking at him, with inessable reproach in her lustrous eyes, sly, but I'm a match for 'em. They're goin' to have a tree. Very well, so are we; an it'll beat theirs out o' sight."
:'I'm thinkin' o' comin' back to your

Sunday school clars, Aunt Sally," said Sloppy, "but, somehow, I think I'm most "Don't you worry about that," replied

Aunt Sally promptly; "the bigger the boy

the bigger the present he gets at Christman. That's my way o' thinkin'."

"Aunt Sally," said the gigantic young humbug, "vou're my idea of a Christian woman, and Solomon wa'n't wiser nor more just than you are."

It is negletary readless to care that the

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the story of Deacon Hudnut and the spruce tree was as true as "Jack and the Beanstalk." It is also unnecessary to state that everybody in town had heard of it inside of twenty-four hours. The Methodists instantly decided to have a tree, and they let it be generally known, as an inducement to early piety that candy bags would be larger that year, and that the contents would have more "chaw" to it than

ever before. More Trees Than Ever Cefore, This news gave great satisfaction to the rising ceneration; and the feeling rose to wild enthusissm when it became known that the Epworth League had decided to that the Epworth League had decided to have a tree, and that its decision had forced the Christian Endeavors, the King's Daughters, the Unity Club, the Masons, the Old Fellows and the Sons of Temperance to take similar action. As Sloppy had said,

we were to have more Christmas trees than and ever been seen before in Goose Falls. Most of my dear little playmates promptly oined all three of the Souday schools. I did not. Just at this point in my career, I was attacked by one of those better im-Howard Fielding Tells of a Christmas

pulses which have so frequently prevented me from enjoying things. I determined to remain true to my convictions and stand by the Unitarians for better or for worse. Other boys might violate the dictates of their consciences for the sake of a few bags of mere transitory candy, but not L This resolution was highly applauded by my Sunday school teacher, and I figured that the state of her feelings ought to be worth at least a new pair of skates to me. It was given out openly that every scholar should have something on the tree, and that the traditional bag of candy, consisting largely of musty popcorn, should not count as a

The tree festivities began in the morning of the day before Christmas, and for 36 hours there were at least three in simul taneous operation in various parts of the town. Children passed through the streets laden with Methodist presents on their way to get some out of the King's Daughters. Orthodox children who thought that it was wicked to go in the Unitarian Church went in just the same, and the prospect of eter-nal punishment lent an added zest to their

How the Genius Fared. Our friend Sloppy, after visiting all the tree-mentioned hitherto, discovered that the Cooking Club was entertaining the very smallest children in the attic of the village school building. The stairs grouned under his enormous weight, augmented by vast functions of candy of three different creeds—and he was so exhausted with the ascent that they hadn't the heart to turn him away, and they used him as the receptacle for all the delicacies contributed by wastilled members. unskillful members, and judged by the more judicious to be fatal to the little ones

enjoyment of the exercises.

intended. Meanwhile I had centered my virtuous mind upon one tree. I had run crrands, and, in short, had done a week's work to make the Unitarian tree a success. I expected that about four of the largest boughs of the tree would be required to hold the reward: of my virtue. I did not know the actual state of the case; that it had been de

for whom the entertainment was originally



The Reward of the Wicked

sided to give educational presents to those boys who had nobody to buy them anything worth having; that garrets had been ran-sacked for old books, and that mine had been selected by an old lady who had left her glasses at home and knew no more than that the book had pictures in it. "He won't care what it is," she said, "he'il

like one thing just as well as another at his And so it happened that I waited till

Sants Claus had nearly stripped the tree, and that I shed some tears of disappointment as skates, trumpets, tin swords and other glittering treasures went to boys who were already laden with tributes from the other churches.

At Last the Reward of Virtue. But at last a package was put into my

hands. Its shape made me fear the worst. It must be a book. Well, even so. It might be an Indian fighting story, or a sea yarn full of lee-shores and topsails taken aback. opened it with trembling hands. There was a picture on the cover. It represented the sacred bird of Chicago, and above was the title, the promise of an enthralling narrative to stir a boy's heart and make him dream: "Harris on the Pig." That was all. Even my bag of candy

missed me. But I was too young to mind it, and if I eried it must have been from natural perversity. I did not read "Harris on the Pig." I have since learned that it is an exhaustive, technical treatise, containing almost every-thing which anybody would care to know about the pig, except the motive which led some individuals of that species to treat me

so, on that old Christmas Day.

As for Sloppy, he has never had so good a time in his life before, and the day after Christmas he obtained permisson to strip all three of the trees of their popeorn streamers, and as a reward for his work, he was allowed to eat 780 yards of the popearn, including the woolen twine on which it was HOWARD FIELDING.

BREAKING AN INFANTRY SQUARS.

The French in Dahomey Alleged to Have Used a New Method. London Truth.;

A discussion seems to be going on as to whether an infantry square can be broken by a charge of men on foot or on horseback. To the non-military turn of mind this would seem impossible, provided that the square is properly formed. But I read the other day that the French in Dahomey cast melinite bombs into an intrenchment of the enemy, with the result that the assailants them selves had to fall back in order not to be destroyed by the suffocating fumes.

Is this a fact or an effort of the journaliatic imagination? If the former, what is to prevent melinite being fired into any dense mass of men on a battlefield, whether in square or in any other tormation, and emitting such tumes that the square would cease to exist? Admitting the truth of the statement it seems to me likely to render war so exceedingly dangerous a pastime that few sane human beings will be willing to engage



Physician not needed, I will gladly send (sealed) FREE to sufferers a prompt, permanent cure for LOST FREE TITALATT, VARICOURLE, KERVOUS BENILITY, ERISSIONS, & K. TUPPAR, Sportsmen's Goods, Marshall, Mich.

LOST MANHOOD

THE CENUINE JOHANN HOFF'S Malt Extract 0 EOUAL8 and TONIC D water Cla Properties one JOHANN HOFF Cask of ALE, MALT EXTRAC without being

ONE DOZEN BOTTLES OF

intexicating. It exalts the energies, stimulates the nutritive powers, improves the appetite and aids digestion. It can be used for man, woman or child.

Matchless as a tonic in convalescence Purchasers are warned against imposi-tion and disappointment. Insist upon the "Genuine," which must have the signature of "IOHANN HOFF" on the neck label.

Valued Indorsement

of Scott's Emulsion is contained in letters from the medical profes-

sion speaking of its gratify. ing results in their practice.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites can be administered when plain oil is out of the question. It is almost as palatable as milk-easier to digest than milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggiets.

DOCTOR

F14 PENN AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA.
As old residents know and back files of
ittsburg papers prove, is the oldest especialised and most prominent physician in the
ity, devoting special attention to all chronic lished and most promines physical effect, devoting special attention to all chronic diseases. NO FEE UNTIL CURED spousible NERVOUS and mental dispersions the persons debility, lack of energy, substitution and hope, impaired memory, disornered eight, self distruct, bashfulness, dizziness, fleeplessness, pimples, cruptions, impoverished blood, failing powers, organic waskness, dyspepsia, constipation, consumption unfitting the person for business, anciety and marriage, permanently, safely and privately eured BLOOD AND SKIN disea on eruntions, blotches, falling hair, bones, pains, riandular swelling, ulcerations of the tongue, mouth, throat, ulcers, old sores, are cured for life, and blood poisons thoroughly eradicated from URINARY, bladder despendents work hand. the system. Unity All I bladder de-rangements, weak back, gravel, cataronal discharges, inflammation and other mainful symptoms receive searching treatment, prompt relief and real curse.

Dr. Whittler's life-long extensive experi-ence insures scientific and reliable treat-menton common sense principles. Consulta-tion free. Patients at distance as carefully treated as if hera. Office hours, i.a. M. to Jr.M. Sunday, 10 A. M. to Jr. M. only. DR. WHITTLER, Six Ponnavenue, Pittsburg, Pa

DR. E. C. WESTS'

**NERVE & BRAIN** 

Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hystoria, Dissiness, Convuisions, Fits, Nerrous Neuralta, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefuldess, Mental Depression, Softonian of the Grain resulting in in-amity, doors and death, Frankire Old Art, Loss of Power in either set, Involuntary Losses and Searmatorthus, or used by over-exception of the Spermatorrhiza on used by over-azertlon of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box. st six for \$5.00, by mail.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXET To cure any case. With each order received as six boxes we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not cure. Guarantees laying only by KMIG 6, SFUCKY, Drugrist, Sole Agont. Now 191 and 195 Penn avenue, corner Wylle avenue and Fullon street, Pittsburg, Pr. User Stu ch) is Jiarrho's Cramp Cure. Boand 19 cts.

> WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE, The Great English Remedy.



Promptly and permanent cures all forms of Aeros Wootkness, Emissions, Spenation-ties, Imp dency or all effects of Abuse or Excesses, Been prescribed ov 25 years in thousands, cases; is the only Relieb and Honest Medicius know

plain seeded envelope, 2 stances. Address
THE WOOD CHEMICAL CO.,
Ill Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.
Sold in Pittsburg by
JOS, FLEMING & SON,
17-51-codwk 42 Market street.

WEAK MEN, YOUR ATTENTIO IS CALLED TO THE

DE WASE TRADE WASE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

GRAY'S Specific Medicine

Gray's Specific Medicine

From IF YOU SUFFER from IT YOU SUFFER

FREE TO MEN.

We have a positive cure for the effects of saif-nionse, Early Excesses, Emissions, Nervous De-bility, Loss of Sexual Power, Impotency, &c. So great is our faith in our specific, we will send one all month's medicine and much valuable infor-mation FEEE, Address G. M. Co., 835 Broadway, New York, mys-30sq

OR. SANDEN'S

ELECTRIC BELT

With Electro-Magnetic Suspensory



I stest Patents: Rest Improvements:
Il cure without medicine all Weakness resulting
in over-faxation of brain, nerve forces, excesses ndiscretion, as exhaustion, nervous debilit deseness, languor, rhenmatism, kidney, live sicepleseness, languor, rheimatism, kidney, live, and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, scialica, general ill-health, etc. This Electric Belgicontains wonderful improvements over all others and gives a current list is instantly left by wearer or we forfelt \$1.000, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remediation, and we give hundreds of testimonials in it and every other State.

Our Fowerful MPROVED ELECTRICSUSP SORY, the greatest boon ever offered weak FREE with ALL SELTS. Health and virstrength GUARANTEED in 30 to 50 days. Sillustrated uamphiets, mailed, scaled, fredress.

SANDEN ELECTRIC

"Well?" said she, quickly. It is a que tion. She has stopped about a yard from him, and is looking at him anxiously. She has evidently been tutoring herself into calm during these last interminable 30 minutes, and her lovely eyes, tear-saddened, lifted it is true, but with her eyes staring blindly at the opposite wall, and her hands, loosely clasped, hauging before her-a picture of Despair.

It would be impossible to describe Drayare fastened upon his.

Dark shadows lie beneath those eyeston's feelings at this moment. If he has up to this been cursing her in his mind, he is now cursing himself a thousand fold more. sad, bitter shades that speak of grief, too great to be subdued.

cent to be subdued.

"Well?" repeats he sternly. He is in no hit moved by her most moving face.

"You have seen him?"

"It by 'him' you mean Sir Gaston Verner,
"It by 'him' you mean seem him?"

"It by 'him' you mean seem him?" whit moved by her most moving face. "Yes, I mean him," says she, growing very white again—all the serenity, the strength, she had been praying for during the past dreadful balf hour (and she had prryed very hard), now forsaking her. "It was he then!" she says, in a despairing tone. All at once she seems to grow ten years older-God knows what wild hopes had held her up during his absence! The hope, for one, she might have been mis-taken. That her eyes deceived her! "Ah, ves; it was. Why did you sak him here? Were there," litting piteous eyes to his, "not enough men in all this miserable world that you should choose him among them for your guest?"
"Why should I not choose him?" asks

(MRS. HUNGERFORD)

has fallen 'across this bour, dividing light

She is leaning against the wali-her face

covered with her hands. She seems dead to his approach; it is as though the powers

of seeing, of hearing, have deserted her-

but alas! not the power of feeling. To her

a stiffed cry breaks from her. Shee looks at him wildly. What, or whom, she had

expected to see, is as yet unknown to him.

but the expression on her face he never for-

gets to his dying day. And her cry, too !

expression of horror in her large eyes.
"Don't look like that," said he, shaking

her slightly. It is the gentlest of all shakes

perhaps, but afterward-well, he never quite forgave himself for it. "Think!"

says he, bending over her. "Collect your-

self! What is it? What has happened?"

mere gasp. She lays her hand on his arm and clings to him as one might to the rock

God's sake hide me. Hide me!" says she.

"He was there. I saw him." Her great

frightened eyes are gazing into his; the poor hands he has repulsed are clinging at-frightedly to each other.

"Who was it you saw?" asks he, his tone

devoid of all kindliness. "Pray remem-ber," says he courteously, but with a cer-

tain hauteur, "that in this house no one shall harm you. Speak freely then. Let

"Who can help me?" says she. She looks

towards the open door. "Oh, shut it!"
cries she: "shut it quickly! Did he—"
she looks now at him and her voice falls to
a whisper—a terrified whisper, "did he see

me? Did he? Do you think he saw me? Oh, if he did!" She gazes at him, and see-

ing him so deadly silent, her face grows stronger. "Speak!" cries she; "why don't you speak?" Do you think he saw me?"

Once again she lays her hand upon his

arm, and once again he repulses her, nay, recoils from her-but so alightly-so more

in thought than deed, that she in her dis-

"He! Give me his name!" exclaims he.

"Gaston!" says she. "You must have seen him? You—why," with sudden return of agonizing thought, "you asked him here!

Oh, why-why did you ask him here? He

Something seems to break within her,

and she falls to weeping, not loudly, not

aggressively, but in a most sad fashion, heavily, pitffully. But in Drayton's heart

there is no pity for ber. His face grows

He feels choked. He thrusts her from

im. The sickening doubt, the bateful fear

of this afternoon is on him once again, and

this time past allaying. How easy it all

seems now; how clear is the explanation, What a mad fool he was to let her beauty

dupe him, a few hours ago, into a belief in her innocence, Even then he had known! That word

guilt-he had shrunk from it then, he had

deliberately put it behind him, but now it eries aloud, it will not be silenced. Guilt!

The whole thing is so plain. It is hardly

necessary to go into it. Verner! Verner of all men! And those diamonds! And

her fear-her horror! To ask even a ques-

A very passion of desire to hear her speak, to get the truth if possible from her

false lips, possesses him. He turns fiercely

"What is this man to you?" demands he,

Her tears cease, but she begins to

"Oh! don't speak to me like that," says

she, "Have pity on me, He"-looking at him with eyes dull with remembered griefs

"He!-he!" repeats he, furiously. The word has maddened him. And then, subduing himself by a violent effort, "An-

"You shall!" His tone is almost tyran-

nical. It is sharp, decisive. "I will have the truth," says he, "whatever it may cost

either you or me. Remain here. I shall be

back in half an hour." He goes toward the door, and she, a sudden fresh fear occur-ring to her, runs after him.

"You," says she panting, "you—you are not going to tell him?" "What men you have known!" says he,

"What men you have known: hays no, his lips curling, his voice vibrating with contempt. "No! I go to make certain arrangements, lest," bitterly, "anything should make him suspect your presence

"You will come back?" asks she, fever-

ishly.
"Come back? Do you wish me back?"

A strange look of surprise, of disgust, grows within his miserable eyes. Was ever

told you I shall come back in half an hour, to learn the truth!"

"Oh! hurry, hurry, hurry!" cries she vehemently. She has forgotten everything,

save the lear of being alone, while Gaston

is in the house. Dravion gives her a part-ing glance. What a glance it is! She does not see it, having shrunk back into the

gloom of the room, and it is well she does

As he hurries toward the garden to ar-

range the movements of his guests so as to

leave himself free for the interview he has

a long time—there are many possibilities in it—when one is flying from—from—shame!

CHAPTER XXVII.

I am weary of days and hours, Blown buds of barren flowers, Desires and dreams and power And everything but sleep.

She is not gone, however. Insomuch,

he has to admit, he wronged her. She is

here, and there is even something in the

eager manner in which she goes to him as

he enters her room, that tells him she has

been waiting, not only waiting, but longing

not only sought, but commanded, he tells

within his miserable eyes. W woman so dead to honest feeling?

swer me," says he, coldly, austerely. "I cannot," faintly.

tion seems superfluous-and yet-

in a low, but terrible tone.

tracted state does not notice it.

"Gaston Verner!"

harshly.

Disgrace!

tremble.

when the raging seas are round him.

He loosens her hand from his arm.

"What man?"

me help you it I can."

"That man!" says she. Her voice is a

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER'S

from dark?"

CHAPTER XXVL

Let us rise up and part; she will not know,

Let us go senward as the great winds go, Full of blown sand and foam. What help is

There is no helm, for all these things are so, And all the world is bitter as a tear. And how these things are, though ye strove

Evening has fallen upon the earth. A

dewy August evening, rich in beauty. The

light is still with us, but tempered gener-

ously by a soft shading that falls from the

darkening heavens. Rhoda standing be-

neath the clump of elms in the old quiet

garden glances with a touch of rapture to-

The guests had arrived in due course by

the 6:40 train, and had found everything in

readiness for them. After that crowning

set of folly of hers (that perhaps would not

have been such folly after all, it she had

not been discovered) Rhoda had torn off

her finery, now hateful to her (for had it

not brought her cold and questioning looks

from him?), and given her whole mind to the business before here. The result was un-

qualified success! Dinner is now over, and

here has been no flaw, no fault anywhere.

Once assured on this point, she has gladly

caught up a white shawl and escaped to the

and think, and think,

ight shadows of the garden, there to think,

The sun is not yet quite dead-though his

I rose-red light in the western sky. The

sunset is gorgeous, glowing like a fire-opal,

it seems to cast a splendid heat upon the

id bench near her, litts ber head as if to

Even here over her head the clouds-

and over there, behind her, there are crim-

What an evening! Beautiful as heaven itself. As heaven might be, if one could

dream of it. A sense of delight, of joy, possesses lihoda's soul. Never perhaps in all her young life hitherto has she felt so

entirely, so spiritually happy. Not a sus-picion, not a thought of evil to come, mars

The air was a long sweet dream And the earth was a sweet wide smile,

for other duties lie before her. Her joy, the curious glad uplifting of her spirit, still remains with her, however, as with

light, but lingering tootsteps, she moves over the mossy sward of the garden toward

that old door, that has grown to be her

She goes slowly, feeling safe from the thought of meeting auyone. Mr. Drayton

and his guests must still be in the dining

room, or, if they wish to smoke in the open

sir, would certainly more out to the bal-

cony. And here, where she is, at the back

of the house, there is no tear of her being

She has reached the goor dear to her-the

which is another passage that leads to

little door that leads to the armory. From it runs up a long stone passage, at the end

her own sitting room. As she reaches the

angle that divides the first passage from the arcond, the sound of coming seet hastens

her own steps. Hurriedly turning the corner, she steps into the shadow of a door-

way faluays with that fear upon her that

recognize and denounce her), and so stands

the guests may go by.

She has hardly time to so hide herself

when they come round the corner laughing and talking. Certainly she would not have

had time to reach her own door a little

here—here in this safe seglusion. She is congratulating herself upon this, whilst

slaming herself for never having asked old

Peter the names of the expected guests

(though indeed he would not have known,

so hurried had been the manner of their

coming)-when-when all at once-Great Heaven! Not this! She staggers

back, an awful ley touch, the touch of death, upon her heart. Oh, worse than

death: Gladly would she have welcomed

Fearl trightful, overpowering, seizes upon

her, and holds her in its grap. Struggling with herself, she clutches the liutels of the

door and bends forward a face, so leaden-hued, so devoid of all the brightness and

youth that but a second ago made it so lovely, that a beholder seeing it would

scarcely have known her.
Yes-ves. It is he. Gaston! Gaston here! She watches him from her shadow

like one stricken into stone. He is gone

now, but his face lives so in her memory

tinat almost her burning eyes still seem to

see him. She gazes blindly toward the

As she thus gazes, someone else sees her.

Drayton! He had been the last to tollow

his guests into the garden, and he alone

had seen that slight figure, leaning forward

in the passage at his right. Perhaps he alone had thought of looking in that direction. He had stayed behind to get a box of

eigarettes, and was hurrying after the men

And seeing her, he comes to a standstill.

Even in the gloom the agony of her face, the strained—the rigid attitude of her, be-

comes known to him. He can hear now

the wild sigh that is almost a sob with

which like a wounded thing, she steps from the threshold of that darkened door,

and drags herself to the safer shelter of

his friends. They are now in the open air

and the sound of their gay laughter comes

back to him-they can wait. He turns and

walks deliberately to the door of Mrs.

It is open! She has perhaps had no power to close it behind her. With a

eeling at his heart that he scarcely analyz a

then, but that he knows is the worst pain he ever telt in his life, and that really means despair, he pushes the door a little

farther open and goes in.
Yes. She is here. But is this she? This

aroughing figure in the corner with down-bent head, and body descriptive of nothing

less than abject terror? What terrible evil | for his return.

Clarke's sitting room.

He casts one glance in the direction of

no had gone on before him, when he saw

that grim fiend at this moment!

further on, so it was well she had stopped

est in the growing darkness waiting until

meone out of her own life may see, and

usual means of exit and entrance.

But now she must return to the house,

the brightness of her thoughts.

though

son streaks that look like stains of blood.

ough gray-are tinged with brilliant pink;

Rhods, throwing her wrap upon an

and even now, "at shut of evening flowers,"

draw in the sweetness of that lovely light.

glory has denarted-and there is a wonder-

whole mind to

to show, She would not know.

ward the still glowing horizon.

Lord Gaston Verner is a handsome, but unscruppilous member of society. He has stired of his young and beautiful wire. To rid himself or her he has contrived to throw into her company Lord Wyvis, a man of his own unscruppilous set. Lady Verner discovers his object and determines to avoid public scandal at any cost. At a reception given by lady Baring, Lady Verner meets Lord Wyvis and intimates her husband's determination. His promises to go away. Verner watches the couple at their tete-a-tete and sees Lord Wyvis kiss Lady Verner's hand. He sets to quarreling with her, though he knows the hour of departure ins long since passed, and he has manazed so the company knew of her meeting with Lord Wyvis. Lady Baring's mind is poisoned against Lady Verner and she treats her very coolly. On the way home Lord Verner stops at his club, and Lady Verner, instead of going home, goes to Lady Carystort's home and tells her of her trouble, disclosing that Lord Verner has sent a diamond thara to a woman whose name she does not know. She believes that it is in order to marry this woman that Lord Verner wishes to pet rid of her. Lady Verner then decides to leave her husband's home during his temporary absence. Her triends wish to have her with them, but she insists on carning her own livelihood. On the recommendation of her aunt she seeks the post of housekeeper for an unknown but presumably old man. It is a quiet shock to her to discover that he is comparatively young and decidedly handsome. Lady Verner accepts the place though sile meets with many embarras-ments in minaging Mr. Drayton is soon convinced that his new housekeeper for an ordinary person, and finds himself falling in love with her. "True, true!" Her lovely meekness touches him in no wise. "But," she gazes at him imploringly, all her heart in her beauteous eyes, "he cannot be of any use to you in any way. It is impossible that you and he can have one thought in com-mon, and, therefore, I entrent of you to get rid of him. Do," rising and coming nearer to him, "do get rid of him! And at once. Promise me," with a touch of passion, "that you will send him away-to-night. To-night! Oh, if not to-night, to-morrow. It," with a wild sob, "will be so easy for you to do this, while for me—"her voice falls into a sad whisper, "for me, it he stays, it will mean ruin!"

"Ruin!" The word falls like a fresh confirmation of his fears upon his heart. He turns from her, leaving her standing there, alone, crushed, outlawed as it were, and crosses the room to the window. He seems to breathe more freely—or so he tells himself—when the whole length of the room lies between him and her.

she never quite knows what to firm, though thoughts about her at that time.

"What are you thinking?" cries she suddenly. "What? Must I speak then?

Well, I will, and you shall judge between us. But." she hesitates, and draws back from him. "Oh! you will not forgive me," says she. Some borrible sounds are beating against

"Already you coudemn me. And you,"
monrnfully, "are right. I have deceived
you. I—" she breaks off, as though it is
impossible for her to go on. "Must I tell
you?" whispers she in a tone that is scarcely his brain. Those old ones—guilt, disgrace, and now this one, "ruin," and with all these a newer one still—befooled.

No. She shall not befool him, though

very heart's core she is feeling now, poor soul, and bitterly!

As he lays his hand upon her arm, she she were—though she is—the loveliest thing audible, on earth—she shall not befoot him. "You springs suddenly into an erect attitude and Verner! If it had been auvone but he-a to the first question I have put to you, says he, sternly. "If you do not remem-ber it, I will repeat it. This man-Gaston man with a reputation so vile, even among men, that many of his own class give him the cold shoulder. A man who, if he (Dray-Her head falls upon her breast, husband!" said she faintly. ton) had a sister or mother staying with him, he would never have asked inside his Low as it is, it is almost as terrible as the

doors! Somebody had suggested Verner to him as a good shot, and he asked him down to Kingslands, no arriere pensee in his mind. He had met Verner in town some months ago, but had known nothing of him, being anything in the world but a society man. But he had heard a great deal since—and that she-she-should-

Once again he sees her, as he saw her an hour ago crouching in the corner, her large eyes wild with tear; of such fear cometh dis honor. She had entreated him to hide her -to hide her from what? And those diamonds! Great heavens! How slow he was to read the truth. And how she had seemed to delight in

them. The very wearing of them had seemed to lend her a special light, a new spiritual brilliance. She had sparkled, she and those cursed diamonds, together; she had even-His thoughts break off, her voice dispels

"You will send him away?" says she

him from the other end of the room.

When first we met we did not guess That love would prove so hard a master. There is a dead silence! A silence well named, for it carries death with it. Death to so many hopes. And yet, not an unkindly death, for from it springs a goodly resurrection. Marriage, although it blocks for ever the way to her, has destroyed that worst of all terms, dishonor. Though all his life be laid in ashes at her feet, still this sweet Pnonix, 'Homor,' rising from them, restores a faint touch of heat to his dead heart. In the first moment Drayton hardly

CHAPTER XXVIII,

knows whether it be joy or grief he feels. Both, perhaps—but surely joy—joy great and imperishable rises above all the grief and despair. Married! She is married to him!

"Your husband?" stammers he. She has not moved. She has not attempted "You are his wife?" to go to him. Her sad request comes to "You are Lady Verner?"



SHE STAGGERS BACK, AN AWFUL ICY TOUCH UPON HER HEART.

"No," says he, with decision. repeats she, as if hardly believing. She lifts her hand suddenly to her throat "And yet you said you were my friend?" "Then!" coldly. "Now-"
"Yes, and now?" It is she who is ques-

tioning him this time.
"Now, I am not that. I don't know what I am now. I can only recollect what I "My friend!" she puts in, quickly. "Ah,

if you recollect that, you will do this thing He makes her no reply. To tell her that he had loved her—that he had, in his own mind, called himselt her lover-to what end would it be? Let her believe he meant

only friendship.

He is so lost in his sad, miserable, angry thoughts, that when her voice breaks on his ear again, he starts violently. She has crossed the room, and as he turns he finds himself face to face with her. "You ere angry with me," says she

tremulously. Her eyes are reading his, with so evident a desire to understand how it is with himto propitiate him-to gain him over if pos sible to grant her request that he, misjudging all this sorrowful entreaty, still further hardens his heart against her.

"Why should I be angry with you?" says he, coldly. "By what right should I pre-sume to feel any sentiment toward you whatsoever?"

"Don't speak so coldly to me," says she.
"Do not. Not now, when I want help so
badly. Be kind to me," pressing her hands
sgainst her breast, "for this one little time. It is so much to me, so small a thing to you. I can leave here, of course. I know that-but this is such a safe harbor for me; and to face the world again-to face him! She stops. Her eyes fill with tears; such lustrous eves, in such a piteous face.

Drayton's soul sickens within him. Was

ever beauty so deceptive? Surely to look at her, one might well believe There's nothing ill can dwell in such Her face-that so many tools have called

himself that probably she will be gone the index of the mind—shines pure as pure when next he seeks her. Thirty minutes is as truth itself. Her eyes are full of honesty; her mouth, how innocent! And yet, to believe in her! What? Would'st thou have a serpen sting thee twice? He turns his eyes away.

"I am airaid I can be of no use to you here," says he, in a frozen tone. "Sir Gas-ton is my guest; whilst you -- What are "Nothing! Nothing!" says she hastily. But she whitens to the lips as she says it. She falls back -she turns aside. A look of the most poignant anguish covers her face. She had put that name behind me," she says.

But he—he had not put it behind him. Now, indeed, a fresh wave of memory re-minds him that he has been hearing a good deal of Verner's wife of late. And for the last time he distrusts her.

will you tempt me like this? Is it for my sake-for mine that I go? Rhoda! my "That is impossible," savs he. "I have heard something of Lady Verner." "What things?" on yourself." "That she-ran away with Lord Wyvia."

"Did she?" She has recovered herself now; her tone is baughty in the extreme as she replies to him. "I know nothing of the Lady Verner to whom you refer. I—

"I beg your pardon," says he humbly. Then, and forever, his doubts of her die, though it cannot be said that he has any-thing to kill these doubts, save her own word. "If," says he, "you have hard thoughts of me, as of course you must have, remember how strange, how improbable all things seemed to me; and that," with a melancholy smile, "a man whose one hope in life is blotted out forever, may well be

forgiven by even his dearest enemy."
"I am not your enemy," says she, in a Lower and lower falls the light; through the open window the last faint sleeping song of the birds comes drowsily. Over there in the east a great, pale star is shin-ing. A little wind coming in makes shiver the leaves of the roses resting on the rose-

wood table in the corner.
"So you are not a widow," says Drayton. She makes a little imploring gesture.
"I knew it all along, I think," says he.
"Though I tried to believe otherwise. You

-should have told me-"
"I know that," she lifts her head and looks steadfastly at him. "That is why I said I had deceived you—that I feared you would not forgive me. Yes-I should have told you. You condemn me about that; but," firmly, "you shall condemn me about nothing else."

"There is nothing else. It is all over," No: there is this. About this matter of Lord Wyvis. There shall be no more con-cealments. You shall hear all. Listen to me," says she, quietly. "I wish you to know, to understand everything. You can believe me or not, as you will; it is only my own word."

"I shall believe you," gravely.

"Lord Wyvis, who was nothing to me, but who, I think—imagined he was in love with me, happened to leave town, almost as I decided on leaving Gaston! I knew Lord
Wyvis was going, and—it was madness on
my part, but I had suffered \* \* suffered so much \* \* that \* \* that I thought of nothing, but how to lay the whole wide world between me and Sir moves slowly, listlessly away, to where she had first stood, at the farthest end of the Gaston. It was madness, of course, but I Copyright, 1802, by the author.

"You will not forget me," entreats he in a whisper, alive with passionate fondness. "Forget you!" Her glance is eloquent. "Then—goodby!" He removes her hands from his arm, and holds them with a wild clasp in both of his, "Goodby-my love!"
For a second they look into each other's eyes, and then-how is it? They have swayed toward each other. He has caught

He lays his hands over hers.

her to him; she has thrown her arms around his neck.

There is a last sad embrace; a mad elinging-a little smothered heartbroken erv.

Alone indeed! The louliest creature the earth holds at this moment, To be continued next Sunday, 1